

WAR FLICKS? PUKE-SUCKERS and LOGOS was busted for Obscenity.

Friday, May 24, 4 pm.
There wasn't any underground scene in Montreal according to the exponents of Expopower. The campaign against LOGOS reached its organistic peak last Friday. The Morality Squad descended upon the "Colonial officer" of LOGOS with their profices" of LOGOS with their engraved invitation. There was reason to suspect that the morthat day, the Criminal-Investigation Bureau had paid a visit to one of our writers, Jacques Larue-Langlois. He was charged with contempt of court, for some specific vague state-emnts in his article. "Three Political Trials, Riel, Debray

FUCK LOGOS PART II THE MAN 11 LOGOS O On the record: On june 3 of the year of our Lord 1968 Her Ma-jesty's Royal Highness Munici-pal Court Just Judge Girard Tourangeau was having a bum trip. "I would like to assess each accused at least \$100 and costs, for in my opinion the newspaper is revolutionary in nature, the purpose of which is to spread dissension and discontent." Amen.

Thus eleven of us freaks were found with our pants and skirts down for peddling LOGOS on Montreal's sacred sidewalks without a non-existent permit and fined the maximum of only \$40 and court costs each.

Our next entrance into this theatre of the absurd will be a happening in the Superior Court ed by the U.S. customs authorities at the Montreal border words of wisdom and accompanying. Judgement of Mr. Tourangeau. In the meantime we're not paying a red cent. Sorry about that enlightening for them. where we are appealing the great

This little gem of positive thinking was an editorial on CJMS, delivered to the IMAGE CAFE by Montreal's finest. We reprint it "unexpurged."

hippies have attempted a dialogue with the people of Montreal on Thursday. In fact, they are worried. Surveillance by the municipal police does not please them at all. They (the hippies) are not received at "Man and His World". Their love-in of June 30th on Mount Royal is compromised (another way of saying cancelled.) In short they are less and less accepted by a society who has other headaches, daily headaches, to be genuinely interested in the deeds and attitudes of those boys and girls already corrupted.

I am an eighteen year old high school student, presently in the pychiatric ward of the Lakeshore General Hospital, under the label 'adolescent turmoil'.

In other words, I don't know In search of sympathy, the what the hell is coming off. For the past year, I have been fighting for changes in the educational system; using psuedo-underground newsp newspaper through which to voice mine and other students' opinions. We were forced underground by a word: censorship. My first taste of the reactionary establishment. I began to learn their methods, their veiled motives, their complete opposition to anything that might conceivably rock the status quo. And bring bad public relations.

I learned how quickly those with ideas that differ from the norm are labelled 'radicals', 'hippies', or worse, juvenile delinquents. And I learned that democracy is a farce..that it only works for those who willingly perpetrate it... who train others to accept it with-

word. For a long time, I felt I

was alone. I began to believe that maybe I was just an isolated trouble maker. It's a bad feeling.

Through editing this paper (psuedo-underground because the same disgust I was towards an by man. obsolete system: towards the uncompromising "by-the-book" uncompromising "by-the-book" teachers who made learning ugly who taught conformity through oppression, who never allowed

fighting, were saying what had the high school 'revolution'

Maybe outside, maybe..things were better. I knew that they

Obscenity Code.

the minority where a minority is suppressed?

Screw the world, I want to

Pat Capponi

limited to two pages. You may use one sheet and write on the front and back if you wish. Please address the inmate by name and number. If these rules are not observed the letter will be returned to the sender.

I wonder if you would be good enough to send me a listing of the subscription rates to your newspaper. Thanking you in advance, I

here a couple of hours ago and WOW! it shakes and rattles

lated to our journal Eco Contemporante will be sent as soon as they come out from our miracle pot of dreams. --Glad to have you here, LOGOS is full of warm blood and wise-brain stuff. Our scene is dull, but we keep pushin' wisdom seeds, we hope. So, welcome!

Miguel Grinberg Buenos Aires Argentina

a record

8000 LP's of all kinds

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SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

Dear Logos,
To get me to write directly in English to a newspaper, the issue must be big. Well, it is. The issue at stake is that of freedom, the only one to the defense of which I will speak

or write in any language.
That LOGOS be a very paper, no one can doubt. In a rotten society as the one we are being imposed by the capital, all publications that want changes must first show the true face of the system in the true face of the system in order to propose new solutions to inequality and to injustice.

To inequality and injustice, reaction comes first and is very normal. In my twisted up and untuned on mind, it must however lead to action. The reaction that LOGOS has expressed so far is nothing short of normal, sane and extremely important. The only thing that the bourgeois establishment, that the indiscernable police can hold against you, is your nonconformism. To their twisted views of defenders of the system, it is enough to attack you. They will fight you because you just don't fit the ridiculous pattern they follow, because you refuse to associate with their madness of war mongering, of persecuting of the poor, because you question their righteousness, because you trouble their conscience. I have faith in a publication which has no intent 'to make money, but only to express the true feeling - that of utter disgust - that can be inadministration knew damn well spired to sane human beings who was putting it out) I found living in this society where that others were feeling the reigns the exploitation of man

Nous vaincrons!

Jacques Larue-Langlois

Dear Logos, I have been a constant reader of Logos: given to me by the enlightened and bought at newstands, but never have got around to sending in subscription money. The recent police state repression by the Montreal police has prompted me to finally send it in. I hope your (our) paper will continue in bringing a different point of view to bear on everything. I liked the articles "Isn't Youth Revolting?", "The Clap" and "Where is Montreal's Music Head?", particularly in the

Keep up the struggle in fighting oppression of the free people this summer.

Sincerely Perry Shearwood
P.S. Duplessis lives and is
directing the Montreal police;

THE UNDERGROUND

The Underground Film Centre, in its effort to bring to the Mon-treal public the latest in experimental cinema has invited Takahiko Iimura, Japan's major day July 9.

New fuel to the human flame has been added by the Young Ones rekindling the ancient fire of hotspot; the New Pen-

elope.
Mood evoking softly solemn whisper, a cry, and a short silence. Sticking with them changing rythm calling strongly hearing others talking loudly long on the state of the sun they care little for the moon it's the sun. From the break of dawn they surround you with sights of the growing day, good sights to see when the old one's fading away.

Seriously though I went down

to the New Penelope to hear these guys play and thought they were just fantastic elas-tic visions flitting past as fast as a thundering herd of elephants leering slyly at the violence waking the dead and half-dead into a laughing feast where food for all frees constant definition (don't forget to mention the pathos, Charley) animal men under the yin skin creeping from edges of collec-tive cool to befriend you, an eclectic skattermind who sitting right there at this very moment. So rush on down to the New Penelope and catch a fast up with the Young Ones. CHARLEY PAYNE

The Young Ones



And a special thanks to Gary Eisenkraft for the use of his

How good can an expensive film be? There is a point at which movies seem to disappear behind a fog of money, never to be seen again. It is impossible to watch "Cleopatra", for example, without spending most of the time wondering how much the sets cost. In other words, an

expensive film needs to

better than a cheaper equivalent

in order to impress as art and

not as spectacle. The astonishing thing about Stanley Kubrick's 2001 is that it successfully carries not only its own price, but also its visual glitter, without collapsing under the strain. Not only that, but it indulges itself with every sort of trick like people wandering about upside down in zero-gravity conditions, without this ever becoming the raison d'etre of the movie.

Furthermore, there is no real story line to distract the attention away from the photographic gymnastics - rather there are three stories very loosely linked together, whose connection is not at all evident until near the end. Finally, dialogue is cut to the very minimum.

And now, a paradox, 'It is precisely the visual virtuosity which enables the film to be more than a visual experience. Not only is it uniquely beautiful (in this respect I have never seen a film which even approached it), but it looks amazingly right. When one watches it, it is perfectly obvious that space does look like that, and in fact it never occurs to one to question it. At times the combination of film and music conveys the impression of a future documentary, in this

context remarkably effective.
2001 is possibly the most
"filmic" film ever made. That is to say, its message can only be conveyed in film. If I sat here at this typewriter and wrote about the meaning of the movie, I would produce something doubt less charming but remarkably irrelevant, not because I cannot express myself or because do not understand the film can and do - but because it is essentially inexplicable. All that I will say is that the Cinema will never be the same again. Among other things, the trend symbolized by 2001 continues, which I hope it will, the relationship between films and film reviews will shortly diminish to vanishing point. The next paragraph is thus dedicated to the impossibility of writing cinema reviews. This paragraph is dedicated to the impossibility of writing

cinema reviews. It is also dedicated to the editors of Logos. Every article I have so far dicated to the editors of Logos. No Revery article I have so far written for them has gone in Reverse to the second secon with either the beginning or the end chopped off - that is, either missing its introduction or its conclusion. Now it so happens that these are generally the best parts of the article, and at least one of them is vitally necessary to understand-Takahiko Iimura, Japan's major ing it. Consequently, on this avant-garde film maker to present his films personally at the REVUE THEATRE on Sunday the middle of my piece, as a luly 7 with additional show July 7, with additional show-ings on Monday July 8 and Tues-fore, this paragraph is missing, but the general shape of the article is preserved, you can be certain I have succeeded; if, on the other hand. this is included but the whole review is entirely

But to return to the cinema

meaningless --

Pierrot le Fou, now Wednesday, playing at the Verdi, has little in common with 2001 except unreviewability, which is a good enough reason for throwing the two together. In the case of Pierrot the reason is very different the reas ferent, that there is so little of objective value to catch hold of. For myself, I think that the photography is brilliant, the characters convincing and absorbing, and the whole thing a masterpiece. But even Godard's technique is controversial. Take an example: in 2001 it is obvious that the camerawork is' brilliant, the developement . of character slight. In other words whatever one's evaluation of the film, one is working with more or less known quantities. With Godard this is not the case the quantities may be precisely the point at issue. It is possible to contend quite plausibly that the camerawork in Pierrot le Fou is trivial and uninspired - I have seen it done, and it almost convinced me until I saw the movie.

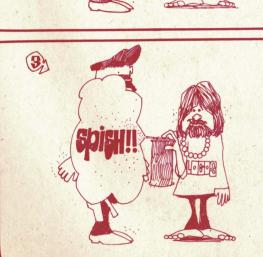
Kozintsev's Hamlet, on the other hand, is an eminently reviewable film. (It starts at the Verdi tomorrow, Thursday). Adjectives leap to the mind. Provocative, dramatic, political... all fit it, too. It is the only film I have ever seen which logically extended Eisenstein's photographic technique. Its Hamlet is the best I have ever seen, on screen or stage, and makes Olivier into a joke. The subtitles alone, re-translated from Pasternak's Russian by some anonymous genius, are worth a visit. In sum, I only really ever understood Hamlet in Russian.

I will sign off with a pro-posal, to the fulfillment of which this article may have made a start. It is that film reviews break away altogether from the restricting bounds of the cinema and become an art form in their own right. Thus for the next issue I should like to write a film review of the Election that is, review the Election as is it were a movie, taking note of the story-line, characterisations, camera-work, etc. I am

BONDER'S BOOKS

ality of the general populace had been transgressed. Earlier and Vallieres" (LOGOS, Vol. 1, #7). And even earlier that day,







"This is not the kind of stuff that America reads", ob-served the Chief Customs Of-

The Main Act begins: Three gentlemen in "plain clothes" arrived at our office. Were greeted by three Logi who were just getting up. Announced their intention of confiscating the latest issue (just printed two days previously). Told they could come in and look around. Asked for the editor. Was on the Main (St. Lawrence Blvd.) buying reference books for the next issue. Eager, well-cleaned hands grabbed all the copies of #7 they could find. Editor did not come back as was thought he was. Sergeant Vallee leaves note for editor to phone Morality

The Man departs. Editor arrives. Strange coincidence.
"Could you pay us a visit
tonight, Mr. Kirby", bleats the

voice over the phone. "Are you going to charge us?"
"Yes, we will arrest you for publishing obscene literature.' 'We are going to charge you

with obscenity, for mild absurdity and for enforcemnet of a collective neuroses". Invitation for visit "accep-

Morality Musac: Blat, Blat, Your full name; zoom eeeerrgh - rattttat; Where do you live; Darling after the war, we will forget the past and start over" (violin sound affects). Have you ever been arrested before?' (constable LaCroux and Trembley glued to the Electronic War Same Machine -- vicarious sexual relief)

Questioning continues: "Do "No, we fight, fuck and freak."

"Okay, let's go upstairs."
"Empty all your pockets". Join a few of the other "dropouts" in the detention cell. Waiting for bail. Communication Thin cat, served seven years, 'If you want to stop doing time then you've gotta change your way of life". Walter, who just got out that morning from 10 years and "now I'm back in, drunk and disorderly". Puke and pubic - all obscene in our society, put it behind bars. End

of massive drama. In Montreal LOGOS is as dangerous as dope and dynamite. We have had the case contesting our right to sell on the streets (20 people arrested in April) come in against us. We got the maximum penalty -- \$40 fine per person. Now our obscenity trial. Both cases we will take to the Supreme Court if necessary. But this requires a lot of Bread...and bread we are very short of. We need some of that capitalistic filth if we are going to perform in these legal circuses.

Expopower is racist: only those with properly stamped visas can enter "Man and His World".

We are issuing our own visas. The fear - power trip cycle will be excorcised.

Nothing happened today
Except 23 newspapers died (-And one more underground birth rag gave

> -S'LOGOS (son of LOGOS

Montreal 3, Quebec

Send the symbols of alienation LOGOS P.O. Box 782

this absurdity is spreading. Who says the state doesn't support the dramatic arts in this country. The testicles of the law hauled me into the Ottawa municipal court Friday June 21 and I celebrated the passing of spring into summer by answering a charge of selling a newspaper without a permit, a permit, a permit, a permit. (by law 206-1965 section 1)/

Next appearance there Friday June 28. Bang, bang up against the wall, mother fuckers. The plot is sickening.

Way off the record: How is this Driving the bright for a down. LOGOS truck after the Cream concert (see p.3) to the Sheraton Mount Royal Hotel for an interview with Eric Clapton, All of a sudden the man. Beep, beep. ta tam tam. Everybody out of the truck and searched. humbly protest: "What's the idea

of all this? "You are driving people in the back of a truck without a permit and you're resisting the duties of an officer."

Next scene the copshop. Typical dialogue: Cop: "You people are uncivilized US: "What is civilization?"

of a bitches. At four o'clock in the morning we're freed of all charges and still high enough to groove

on the sunrise. So the downing of the members of our flying underground community goes on.

from the front, incapable of readapting to the daily routine searching in an organised society the sensation which the constant risk of death engenders, even seeking violence and provoking it at will. Thus the beginning was a grouping or re-union of the mentally unstable; their disequilibrium stemming from readaptation of soldiers to everyday life. A relevant psychiatric fact. Their actions were neurotic and made converts (followers, etc.). Rebellion against society, against the bourgeoisie, goes to the extreme in the practice of true love, in the self abandonment to drugs, key to an artificial paradise. In such circumstances will-power weakens. To prove to themselves they are not one of us but an elite of thoughts they wantonly organize raids of supression against small American towns, spreading terror, robbing and raping. So lures the hippy. Here is what to many of our young, originally perfectly healthy of body and soul, have adopted as the religion of the twentieth century.

CAISLIN 68

Cop: "Cutting your hair."

Civilization is like singing in jail. We hear a guy in the clink next to us groaning. A cop is beating the shit out of him to get some information.

O.K. Charley we're all nig-gers Indians and long-haired SOM others the sleep of the citiz-O.K. Charley we're all nig-well being and property of gers, Indians and long-haired som others, the sleep of the citizens, order, respect for law, only then can dialogue be engaged. But here's the rule, you will no longer be hippies, but normal beings like the great majority of us, and the conver-sation will be held amongst well bred people.

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Underground

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out embarrassing questions.

I learned reality is a dirty

The system is a helluva lot bigger than one person.

thought or expression. Soon after, I came in contact with LOGOS, with Paul Kirby. I felt pretty good. These people were talking, were were

to be said. And they were interested and willing to help in My faith in democracy was somewhat restored.

were coming across. And now...Violation of the

My God. Won't people ever take their heads out of their plastic shells and look around, listen to what is being said understand that LOGOS is mirror ing the feelings, the pulse of

In a police state: a dictatorship...but hell, why in a democracy'?

Call it add'escent turmoil if you will. I just call it not wanting to be a part of a gigan tic flarce. I the one shown up so clearly through the 'peoples' attitude towards truth, towards those few who recognize and are ready to fight for their be-

Dear Logos TEXAS DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS TO THE PERSON RECEIVING THIS LETTER - (IMPORTANT, READ THIS) All inmate's mail is opened, censored and recorded by OF-FICIALS. Inmates may receive not more than three letters a week from any one person on their correspondence and visiting list. These letters must be

remain, Sincerely yours, Dorris Munday Box 32 #192371 Huntsville, Texas

Dear Beings,
Your Vol. I, no. 6 issue got

somewhere in the park of my mind. So thanks and tulips.... All things (Mags. etc.) re-

Suns & Liberation

rental library

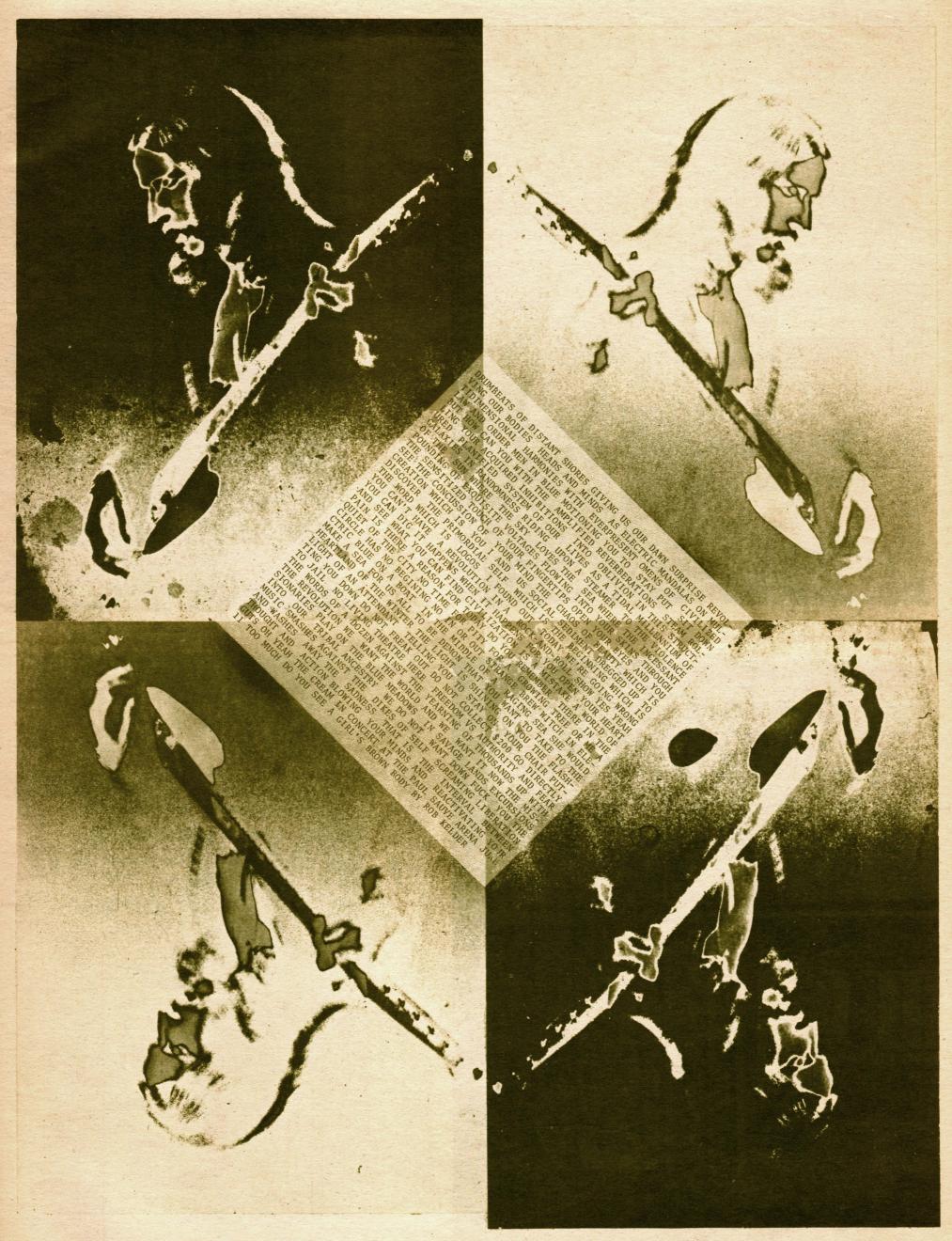
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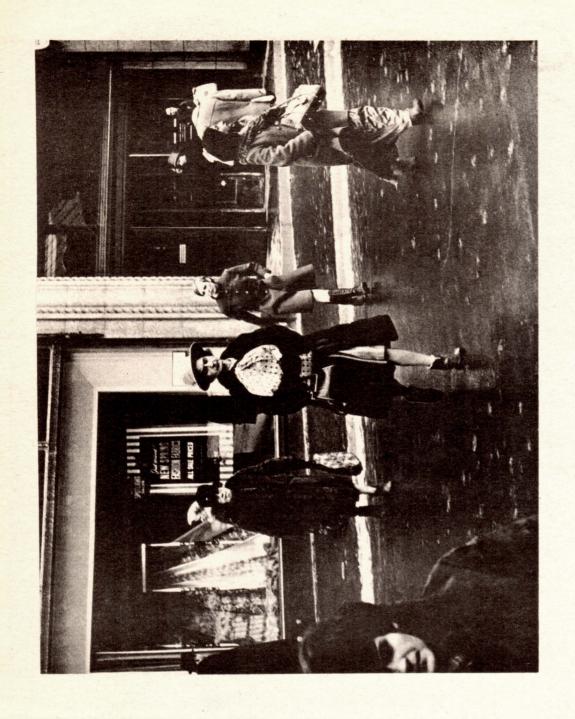
PENELOPE for the Logos benifit.

1180 | Schemard

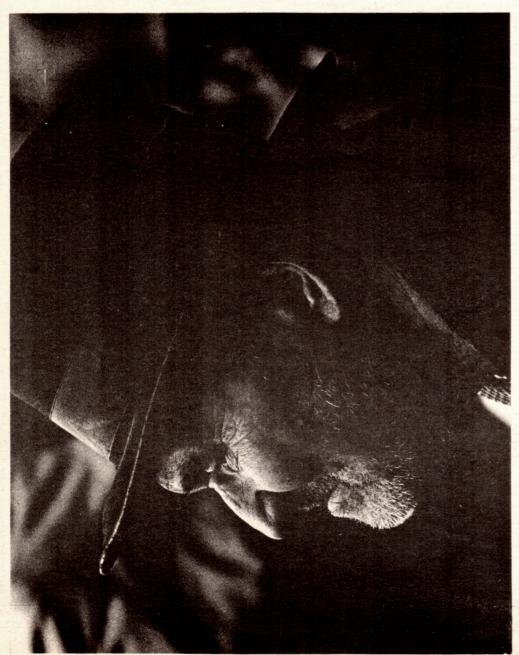
convinced that others, too, may accomplish much on these lines.

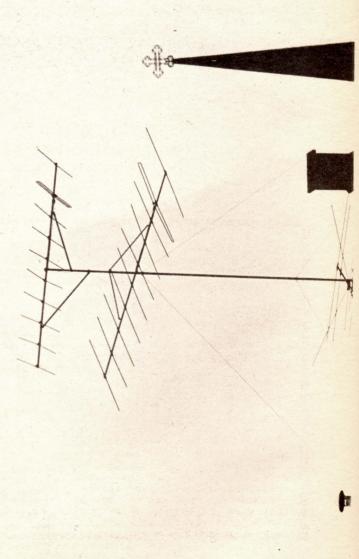


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Arcmtl scan 2015



It is wishful thinking to believe that the majority always rules in a democracy. The majrules on election day. ority Once the administration has been chosen, the administration is in

Jean Drapeau 1957.

That the majority of council should impose on the will of the executive committee is just as stupid as to call in the wife and children to vote on a dec-ision to be taken in a family. Its the father who rules, not the family majority.

Jean Drapeau 1957.

There must not be any decisions taken by a majority, but only by responsible individuals. Each of these individuals will have appointed consellors, but the decision will be taken by one man

Adolf Hitler, 1926

Last June 13, a group of people, including Jean Nantel of Contact, Dr. John Frei and Ed Smith of Montreal Council of Social Agencies, Ray Affleck, architect, met with Jean Drapeau and Police Director Gilbert.

They were told that if they didn't like the present "policy" toward hippies then they could "get out of town". As Jean Nantel put it: "Imagine expecting a dialogue with the mayor and then find-ing yourself on the re-ceiving end of a furious tirade."
"Hippies are a moral and the citizens

physical menace to the citizens and are a drain on the city's resources." That the obvious refutation of his argument by the very presence of some outstanding citizens of Montreal is a manifestation of what the meeting really meant. Content and dialogue were irrelevant; the medium - a Drapeau-freak-out - weet the message Ls it possible was the message. Is it possible, however, out of context, to find out the cause of dear Jean D.'s freak?

Could it be that Jean has erected a red herring, sublimated a host of problems and found an outlet for his frustrations? Lottery and Man and His World not bringing in the bread? Poor people starting to scream a little too loud? A few newspaper articles (spec. LOGOS Vol. 1, #6
- Jeanne Mance Housing Project) beginning to look behind the glass wall? "Visitez les Slums" and see the other Montreal. Just how affluent is this city of tomorrow?

The gross debt in Montreal in 1961 just after Drapeau was elected was \$366,000,000. In Dec. 1967, it was \$770,000,000. In a city where 38% of the population live in "misery, poverty or privation" (E. Gosselin, The Third Solitude), it is quite obvious that with a debt this size any plans for welfare must be tabled. As it was in April, 1967

by \$10,000. The lottery started last month is another scheme (like the \$25,000,000 bond issue at 71/8% offered in New York in Feb. 1967) to try to offset the expenses of Drapeau's grand illusions, such as Man and His World. Besides the fact that it world. Besides the fact that It is illegal (We quote Mr. Drapeau on hippies, "They must obey the laws like every other citizen) as stated by Prof. Morton of Osgoode Hall Law School, it will bandly serve to balance the hudhardly serve to balance the budget, let alone bring in the 28 million as planned with it banned in the U.S. and in Ontario.

How will the budget be balan-

ced next year? Man and His World was designed to be a source of revenue. Yet, each day so far, on operating costs alone, it is losing close to \$40,000 dollars. Next year, Drapeau will have a very heavy decision to make: to spend millions to fix it up (nearly all the buildings except the theme pavilions were designed only for six months) or to spend millions tearing it down (it costs the Canadian Govern-ment 10 million to tear down the pavilion at Brussells). Maybe this will be the final solution to the hippie problem, turn Man and His World into a concentration camp for hippies and the poor. His plan for a baseball poor. His plan for a baseball stadium supposedly costing 35 million (a more realistic figure would be 95 million such as in Houston?) and the Olympics in 1976 leave one wondering if he plans to institute slave labour by 1970 so the "citizens" can reconstant the support of the state of the s enjoy the spectacles. Visions of the Great Dictator of the Holy Montreal Empire on his way to

the "games".
What plans has Drapeau got for the half million people who live in poverty right next door

to Man and His World? "Over one third the population suffers deprivation or lives in poverty, and close to one half of the population can be classified as economically weak," (The Third Solitude). Families who earn \$15,000 a year or more constitute only 4% of those in the metropolitan area. metropolitan area, yet they earn 10% of the total income of all the families in the Montreal area. The income of one in every five families in Montreal is \$3,000 a year or less. No wonder they say, "Terre des Hommes equals Terres des Riches". How can families living on a bare can families living on a bare subsistance level pay \$2.50 per person to use St. Helen's Island Park. Mr. Drapeau refuses to build a fence between the rich and the poor for St. Helen's Island. Obviously he doesn't need to, the wall is there and even stronger since it is intan-

Who is a moral and physical threat to the citizens, Mr. Drapeau? In the center-city area where the average income is \$2,500, the infant mortality rate is 50 per 1,000 births commortality pared with 12 per 1,000 births in well-off areas of the city. Mr. Drapeau it is rather ironic that after close analysis, the facts reflect a greater menace in your silence and indifference to the poor, in your grand schemes which benefit the rich minority and starve the majority, in your stated complete disregard even for the other members of your council let alone the population of Montreal. No, the hippies are not your problem!

"Your problem is that you have betrayed your animal Into hands as cruel and bloody as your own."

You're in the Pepsi Generation

St. Jean Baptiste Parade French Canada's greatest" Walter Poronovich- Montreal The

'The sweetness and light boasting all that is unique in French

Brian McKenna- Montreal Star We'll spare you the Gazette. One Major from Le Devoir came anywhere close to a relevant description of the actual parade content. He termed it mediocre except for the riot and described the Vigneault float in particular as ridiculous, venturing the guess that if Vigneault himself had seen it he would probably have fled. He ends by saying "But the crowd applauded at least two things: the Stanley Cup, won as everybody knows by the Canadians and the less of several young girls. the legs of several young girls

representing youth.....Nothing new in any case in the parade which tried to reconcile the old and the go-go, giving a very good image of our society."

To put it freely the parade was a farce. It consisted of twenty or so odd floats interspersed by brass bands in colonial costumes playing non-descript tunes.

Among the floats was the Du Maurier fabrication advertising their cancerous wares, Pepsi-Co-la that unique French-Canadian Hubert free home delivery) and Renault (of Canada of course.) A con-glomeration of three-dimensional newspaper ads on wheels- a plastic parody of our consumer's society.

In the meantime less than 100 yards away from the dignitaries stand fighting breaks out be-tween federally inspired police and ardent Quebec Nationalists





who are incensed by the presence of self-styled anti-nationalist Prime Minister Trudeau at French Canada's national feast. Police brutality is rampant especially inside station no. 4, according to one of our photographers whose camera was destroyed when he was arrested by plain clothes

All the prisoners - some of whom were already badly beaten on the way to the paddy wagons were made to run a gauntlet of some 30 cops who then kicked & clubed them for about 20 minutes inside the station. Not satisfied with this, they singled out individual prisoners - "I remeber you, you..." - and beat them insensate. Split scalps, black eyes, and blood-drenched clothes appeared on at least half of those in the detention cell - to say nothing of those who were hospitalized after a delay of several hours.



One of our editors, Alan Shapiro, arrived in Paris May 1. As we were fighting the "flics" of Montréal, he joined with the sutdents and workers in their revolution. Last week, as the postal service finally resumed he sent us the following report.

cided to use strong scare tactics: he closed the faculty until it had "cooled down", obviously believing the fear of exams would suffice to get the students "back into line". Instead, it mobilized a support meeting at the Sorbonne.

meeting at the Sorbonne.

The story is one of continuing mistakes on the part of the power people: they continued to use force, which mobilized more and more students. Whatever the number of missing, dead, and wounded may turn out to be, they can be chalked up to the provo-cation of the state. The fact that the students were prepared to fight in the streets against the oppression made a strong impression on the workers (many of whom were fighting with the stu-dents that first "night of the barricades", May 10). Police terror, witnessed and experienced by the residents of Paris (police beat up anyone found in the streets and shot grenades as well as broke into apartments, where the residents offered aid to the demonstrators), brought them to the side of the demonstrators.

Support from the workers, it must be underlined, came from the base: the CP continued to refer to Cohn-Bendit as a "German anarchist" obviously sent to subvert the French nation, a view undeniably identical to that of the right wing press.

For the latter the problem more than band-aids and iodine: were brutally attacked by CRS and GM (Garde Mobile) whenever they were aiding the wounded. Often they were forced to attempt to drag the wounded from the savages who continued to beat trapped and wounded demonstrators unmercifully. The ambulances used by Red Cross and medical students were favorite targets of gas and combat grenades, and the police did not shrink from dis-guising one of their cars as an ambulance in order to get into the centre of the demonstrators before opening fire.

While the strike is ending and France is returing to "normal", the work of the students and workers is by no means finished. The University and many lycées are still controlled by the students: some factories continue to be occupied by workers, but most important is the fact that the committees continue to operate and will continue in the future. For there is no end to contestation, either subdued in talk of bursting out when the occasion arises, into the streets.

Besides the necessity for effective organization and spontaneous, exciting and novel use of all available facilities, an June 19, 1968

As you must know, the strike situation is inexorably getting back to "normal", despite my rather overly optimistic outlook. This process gave the govnt. more confidence, which was translated into the CRS occupation of the Odeon theatre and, as a coup de grâce, of the Sorbonne. The Odéon was not much of a loss, as it acted as a sort of circus where 'all sorts of tourists, rightists, or weirdies of all ages, descriptions, persuasions, could gather. However, even if the Sorbonne was nothing but a symbol, it is disgusting to see it once again surrounded by hundreds of CRS, or Gardes Mobiles, with the tricolor once again hanging instead of the red and black flags of its hours of

The govnt. used the pretext of a wounded person being inside the Sorbonne, and its propaganda that it was a horrible dirty mess (it was a homey sloppy, conglomeration, much superior to the bureaucratically antiseptic-plastic interiors the govnt. and its bourgeoisie love so) to prepare for the reoccupation. The occupation committee of the Sorbonne had little choice but to give in: it had sent out most of the people, in order to do a general cleanup itself, and in no way could the skeleton crew left inside defend the building against the CRS.





When I arrived here four weeks ago, France was apparently calm in terms of student agitation. Vietnam, American imperialism, Black Power, etc. were the big questions. The movement at Nanterre (March 22 Movement) was attracting some publicity, but did not yet seem serious. Their right wing, especially agroup called Occident, had been instrumental in sacking an office of the Comité Vietnam National, and in setting fire, within the Sorbonne itself, to the office of the student union, UNEF.

The same factors which cause student discontent in other countries were evident: alienation castration, and oppression by a bureaucratic, bourgeois state apparatus. A few unique factors can be cited: an unbelievably anachronistic educational system was the rule in France, and a strong worker movement which was at least versed in the rhetoric of "overthrow of the bourgeois state for the building of socialism".

The push came from Nanterre, where the movement had won the right to hold political meetings on campus (a campus newly built between the suburban railroad yards and the slums), and had been effectivly building a movement of contestation within the university. Four weeks before the dread exams, the rector de-

Once the Sorbonne was reoccupied by the students it was opened to the public, and especially to the workers, to attempt to really build a movement of solidarity between workers and students. Meetings were held among the students of the departments to discuss necessary reforms and to design a program for the new "critical university".

At the Sorbonne, the courtyard became a "political super market", with all sorts of political groups setting up their tables to sell literature, newspapers, etc. The open debates continued, and there were also debates or forums on specific topics, e.g. abortion and contraception, the role of the university, auto-gestation of factories, etc. Now, after three weeks the debates no longer go on every night all night. However, the work of the reorganization committees and the strike committees continues.

Better and more practical use is being made of the occupied faculties than ever before: the Beaux-Arts faculty was immediately opened to all in order to produce attractive and well designed wall posters rather than nearly illegible scrawls, and the medical faculties became first aid and Red Cross centres.

important lesson to be learnt is the absolute distrust of those existing groups with something to protect, such as unions and parties, who wish nothing more than to recuperate their tarnished images. These groups, such as the CP, have a readymade vocabulary and polished apologists who will try, and sometimes manage, to bewilder those who will listen, and to mystify all important issues.

Here, with the nation on the

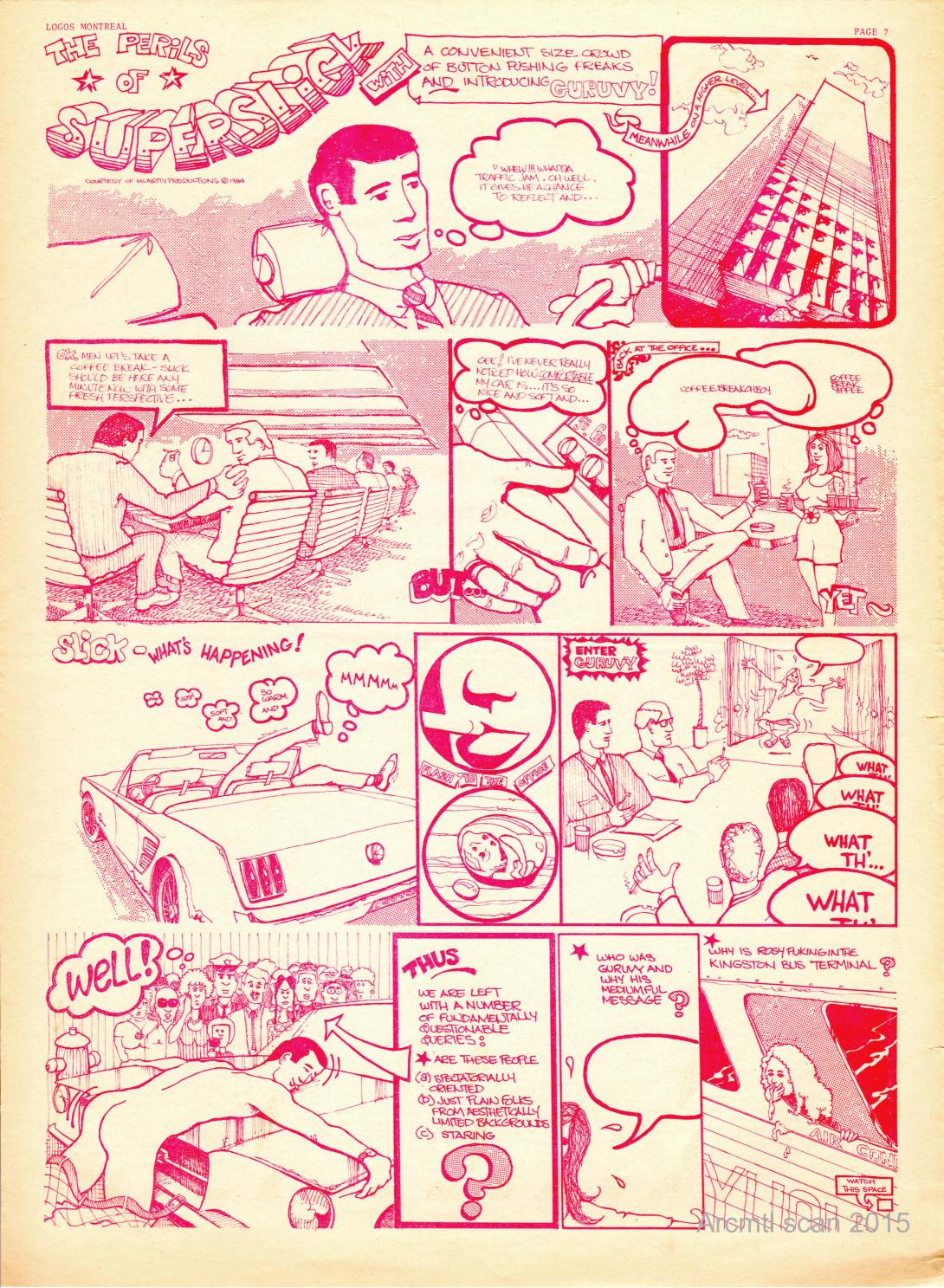
Here, with the nation on the brink of collapse, with no government to speak of, this "revolutionary party" saw to their interest by getting a 7-10% wage increase for some workers and by proving to the bourgeoise how easy it is to buy the CP: all they need be given is a place in the government and they shut up. From all this, from the disgust and the treason of the so-called "communists", one can only acknowledge the difficulty of making real changes and one

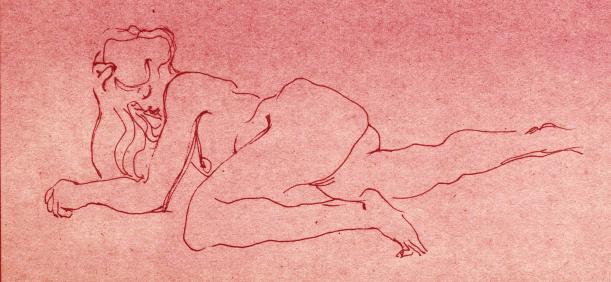
able to happen in China or Cuba!
There is no formula, there is no timetable. Each country will have to deal with its own variables. People should read and talk with anyone who has ever been involved in such a movement, but the real trick is the spontaneity and creativeness of indigenous groups or indivduals.

can only wonder that it was ever

As a reaction to this, there were further nights of violence in the Latin Quarter; nothing to compare with some of the other battles, but still, there were the savages advancing thru the streets again. The one thing that is really groovy about these battles is the feeling of fellowship and a well-defined sense of hatred: I would like to machine gun down every last one of these black-uniformed mindless bastards!

However, the situation remains rather grave. Apparently there is a very great chance of a putsch: not only did de Gaulle get the satisfaction of learning his generals were loyal to him, not only did he pardon the most right-wing generals and criminals jailed from the aftermath of the Algerian war, but there are all sorts of fears about a civil war and as far as I know the army is surrounding Paris. One sees CRS and Garde Mobile convoys at least five or ten times a day, twenty bus loads at a time, being carried here, to there, everywhere; every once in a while, the army trucks go by, rather sinister looking. Man, its frightening! Sure, the workers and students and their allies may be an absolute majority of the weapons and combat-training are on the other side.





a love poem to soul to love to faith a bed spread with a condemned mans desire music listened carefully carelessly wine tasted her troubles enormous as the youth of her seemed down beneath the dustrays

brow makes approval justified but aura of lateness a disturbing feeling entering stealthily that she may not believe in justification of this small banquet

that she may believe not in the righteous of our different ways heart beating beneath my nicotine stained hand like wounded sparrow a falcon's

and an ashtray being unaccountably
like the disturbing contradiction

i wonder if she felt defiled under patient buddas eyes contradiction resented was i more reverent in

i still claim it was irreverent and

I TRY TO HUSTLE RECORDS? RECORD PLAYER? OBJECT D'art, leather purse for friend for small profit, a split pea, i wear a non-existent derby like a

shell over a pea'
i won i lost
waiting losing time lost out on last supper until next
time or supper or dinner we sit across from each other learning

down a path of fragmented window

glass down a short fire-escape i tread

how to communicate.

like i am the style, of tin can crushed, bottle

running loose chaos- in order- orderly chaos, chaotic regime of false masks, and i nibbling here and there like a balinese dancer without the 12 string guitar or the rounded breasts.

TODAY is sunday is it morning, and the re-accurence of the rotting door in phases by that man who paints in a barn a lesson

not absurd

like discussions, long into the morning, upon olutes, axiomatic rides down fireshutes

ego-mania narcissus wilting like a rose on identity wilting as well

as swiftly changing

two poems by paul babby

OPERATION MORAL UPGRADE

READING TIME (possibly only a glance)

We have pushed the nose of our culture into the shit of our self-interest.

Dimples, a shaved twat and square socks with a dash of Springtime Freshness "In the name of God, Issac, Jacob and David, Ding Lolomon and Richard Stanton Rimanoczy When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to hold up your pants -break away from the tyranny of the dull belt -Fife & Drum Belts by Paris"

If you don't know confess - the droit du Seigneur is alive and errect at 750 Bonsecours - the virginal water is and only is consecrated by strict legal purification - seize all heretics!

"But GOD is responsible but you understand (1) Human nature desires to BE good but (2) it desires more to DO evil.

The lusty life is back and it starts at the Sign of the Pub - Uncork a flask of Pub's Cologne

But now, understand THIS! You never heard THIS before To those readers who may feel that in this dissection some important parts have been left out, we beg their patient study: all the important parts are there.

"Brethern, God deliberately put within mortal material MAN the very spiritual character of SATAN, as man's NATURE - human nature -

spiritual character of SATAN, as man's NATURE human nature An alert censorship program is the only way
to protect citizens from insidious propaganda;
to protect young children from pornography
which would lead to sexual perversion & deviance &
harmful kinds of sexual experimentation
and divert them from the true path
of normal family life.
Oh, yes please - stick the wire
from the transformer up my ass
Setting limits is a matter of degree isn't it?"
BROTHER SELL HUMAN FLESH
"Bretheren will you continue to be
RULED, FORCED, DRIVEN, like a cowering, whimpering,
slave by your own passions, sex complusions,
even drug usage.
I WAS RAPED BY THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN
"Are you harder to catch in a Moss Shirt
Get it out of your system with
Flexowriter Automatic Writing Machine."

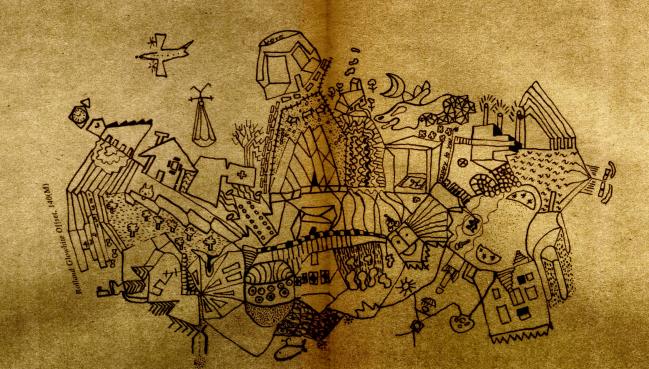
"Dearly beloved - pause Oh you men and your heroics

"Dearly beloved - pause
Oh you men and your heroics.
Bo I always have to earn
my Canadian Club the hard way?
-zoom - Dearly beloved, no thinking man will
carry a risk he can shift as long as there is
available an instrument of finance
which furnishes a hedge against the
risks, the uncertainties, the hazards of life
"You'd be suprised what goes
on under a London Fog!
My Sin...... a most provocative perfume
BOILS VIRGINS ALIVE TO MAKE SEX POTION
Be you have trouble with your asexuality?
Did you know Doris Day before she became a virgin?
Bo you feel your creativity lies in doing well
what you are taught to do - follow directicns?
Bo you feel your creativity lies in doing well
what you are taught to do - follow directicns?
Bo you feel sexually releaved
when you catch a fleeting glimpse of your pubic hair
while purchasing a new pair of LEE-PREST LEESURES?
Mirror, Mirror on the wall is it true
that my new Comet does it?
"Revolon's great gift to 20th Century Man may be his hair!
Are you in Tune with the Times
To Adapt Ourselves to Today's Standards
We Salesmen Must: Get going and keep going.
There is no substitute for shoe leather.
MAN MAKES LOVE TO SIXTY GALS IN TEN DAYS
Just as those who call for the adoption
of Basic English as a cure for the
diplomatic confusion of the world, the
authors call for a set of unmistakable
economic words as a cure
for the economic confusion of the world.
"New hope for the butterfingered;
The ridiculously simple Sony cartridge tape recorder
"Bon't be a drag. Fit into an Omega GT
with hand-crafted Italian body, powered
with a 288 cu, in. PORD V8 engine, features
a four speed all synchro FORD gearbox
and 4 wheel disk brakes by Suspensions International Corp.
\$4750 F.O.B.
VILE MOM SELLS DAUGHTER'S ROBY TO PAY \$80 DERT

#8750 F.O.B.
VILE MOM SELLS DAUGHTER'S BODY TO PAY \$80 DEBT
HEAR ME: HUMAN NATURE. believe it or not,
is VANITY, JEALOUSY, LUST and GREED!
Who WILL YOUR AUTHORITY BE?
be like the apostles, No idolatrous power would rule him
Because he FREELY GAVE himself to GOD

Dear Commissioners and/or councilmen: This is the quintessential question you will have to consider: WHERE DOES THE OBSENITY LIE?

Designed and errected by ACME ELEVATED BED CONSTRUCTION with push-button control.



I KNOW THE HAIR, TISSUE, SKIN

I know the hair, tissue, skin, eyes; the lilies, locked and singing in the bone, growing into your face and through your face- I know the pressure of the spirit's skeleton and point the gentle word "love" at it but beneath the play of tags on everything, I know my words like whiskey in a corpse, to be of little use to one lost in the golden pasturage of this "you" which is the journey's drive into the land of a human heaven.



SHE HAD CONCEALED HIM IN A DEEP DARK CAVE,

hewn far in the rock, to which she alone knew the entrance on the world, and so treacherous and uncertain was the descent that the law-givers and the villagers passed over his head in the clear fields above, content to allow him such safety as he had

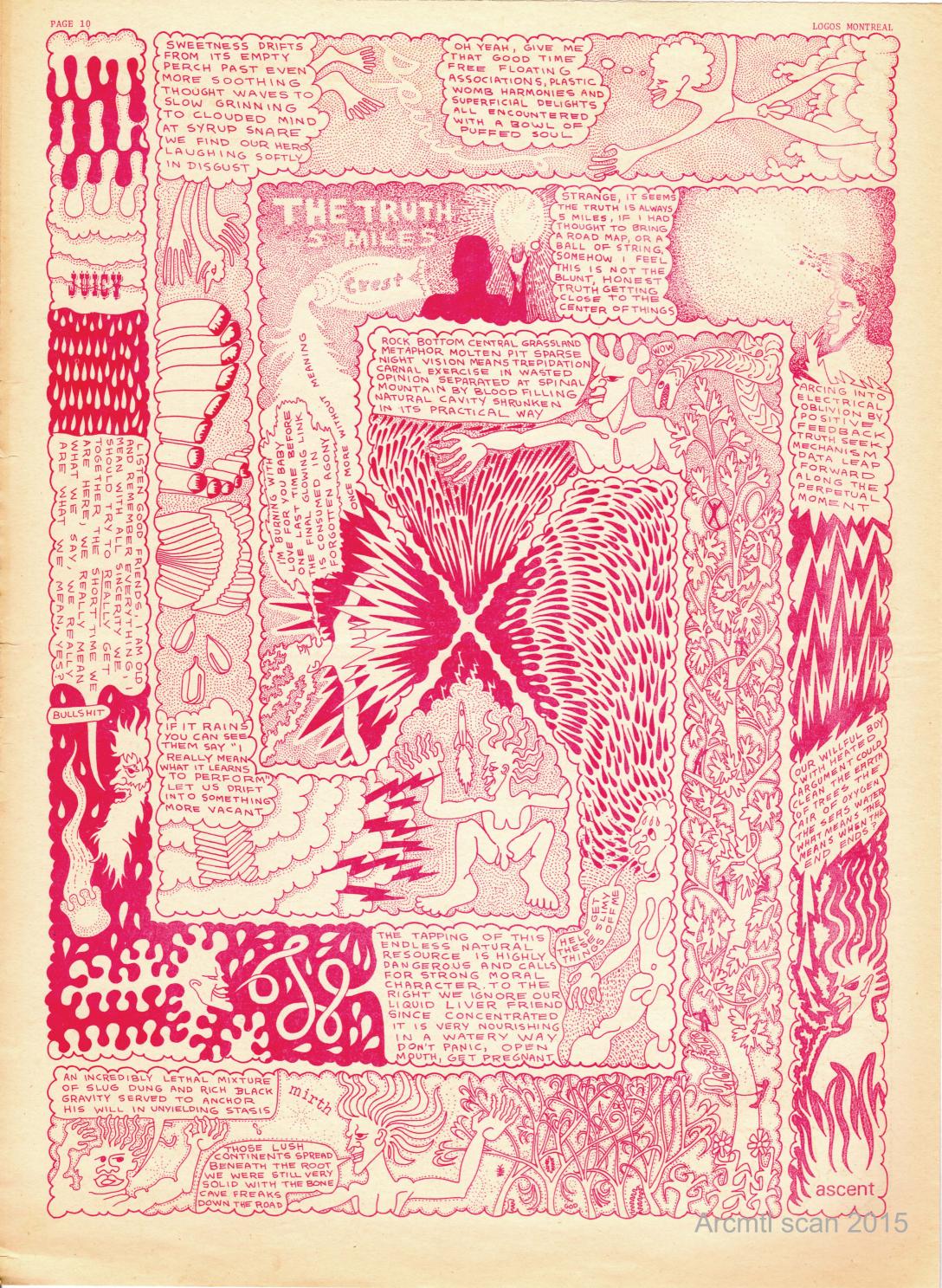
And when we have done Lying quietly together in the dark

Warm houses stand within us Warm houses stand within us
Sleepy angels smile in doorways
Little jewelled horses jolt by without sound
Everyone is rich and no one has money
I can love you Thank God I can love you
All that can happen to us is not known to the guns

Are you awake darling? Do not fall asleep yet To sleep now would seem a way to die so easily And death is something which peoms must be about

But the way our bodies were wings Flying in and out of each other...:

two poems by kenneth patchen





THE NORTH WAS ONE COUNTRY

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While the South developed, the North changed as a shadow changes - as much in response to the material on which it rests as to the distant structure which forms it. In some matters the North's contrast with the South was its asset, a place for freedom from society, from regulations, from family, even from people. The gold rushes and fur trade wars took place in the manner they did not only to satisfy the world market, but to satisfy the need for a certain style of life which urbanization was driving underground.

So the contrast, the freedom from the South, drew men North, but they carried the South with them like dirt on their boots. Few were able to settle down, to settle the ambivalence of their attitudes to the culture which rejected them, or which they rejected.

The North was a box which was closed tight in winter. Now the box is being opened up, and in a way which is remarkably similar to the post-colonial exploita-tion of the resources of the Third World. It is being done by private corporations owned in Europe or the U.S., mainly for the production of raw materials for export to the industrial nations which undertake the enterprise. It results in isolated localities with a single industrial plant, and little in the way of secondary development besides a single road to the plant and possibly a hydro-electric generator. The plant materials are for the most part imported, most of those employed come from a distant labour pool; little money is spent in the locality either by the company or the employees. The indigenous population remains poverty stricken, while a European or Europeanized elite take over control of the region, and run the industry and the government bureaucracy. After its initial establishment there is a net flow of capital out of the region. These are a few of the characteristics which, in the context of the Third World, Marxists have recognized as the development of under-development. In addition, op-eration in the wilderness seems to provide even less excuse for pollution control than in the South. Finally, the state of the enterprise is always in doubt, because it operates on the economic margins -- it produces those primary commodities most subject to price fluctuations. The box is being opened from the outside, not by flags or treaties, not by sovereignty or cultural diffusions, not by trade or traffic, but by short-term extractive industrialization.

The last point about economic marginality needs searching out, because of the far-reaching effects of marginality on the process of northern development and the quality of life there. The industries are mainly mining and forestry, with fur and fishing now diminishing in importance. Only the first is technically an extractive industry, but all are carried on with an extractive approach; that is, little or no attention is given to long-term development or the replacement of resources. They can only operate with world

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prices and transportation costs above or below certain levels. It leads to what in mining is called 'high grading'. With world prices subject to fluctuation due to other mines opening or closing, to increased consumption due to war or prosperity, or to labour or political troubles in the Third World, development plans must remain extremely flexible. It also encourages a rapid expansion and exploitation of the most easily available high grade resources, to gain a quick return on investment while the getting is good. High grading leads to certain

requirements of a labour force: highly mobile, willing to work long hours when needed, willing to live in cheap accommodations without facilities for a family life, with little or no community services. These requirements were filled in Canada along traditional North American lines, which started with the cowboy and the immigrant railroad worker. Wages are not high, but overtime and production bonuses make it possible to make a stake of a few hundred dollars in six months. Some northern mines and lumber camps have a 300% labour turnover per year.

The workers live in the North but are not part of it. A few lose interest in making a stake, and start small businesses, or take jobs with local people, because they like the slow pace and the pioneer style of the northern life. The rest are oriented to a culture imported from the South, a culture which is marginal, even there. Most of them swing back and forth between the North and the South, between bunkhouse boredom and the action of a city. In many ways the tradition of the Whoopup towns of the West is being recreated in Edmonton and Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Enclaves of shiftless men, tough guys whose ethic is to drink and fight and leave it all behind. The culture of the migrant northern workers goes beyond its historical extension from the hard lone cowboy mythology, because it is thrown in with those of all the other urban rejects.

Today hiring for all industries employing unskilled single men for isolated locations is done in a few major cities. They can be sent cheaply up north, and are less likely to quit if they have to pay their way out, and if they have no friends in towns nearby. If the fare for the trip up is deducted from the first few weeks wages, and only returned after a period of work, such as a year, this acts as a mild form of indenture. This means that in the northern towns themselves little or no hiring is done. Any work force there will be hired only on a partime or day labour basis, because of the fear that they will quit or not show up on shift. Northern development does little to bring employment to an area, and encourages a local adaptation to very unstable work patterns.

The reliance on shiftless men hired in large urban centers in the South tends to create a subculture. The ethic is to make a stake and get the hell out. Money changes hands mainly for liquor and gambling. Secondary development occurs where there is a skilled or technical working

force. These people live in family accommodations seperate from the men, and do their best to create a middle class subdivision in the wilderness. The right to such a house is either strict ly dependent on job status, or the house must be purchased outright which means they are of no interest to anyone whose job is not pleasant enough or secure enough for him to want to remain there indefinitely. In Thompson, Manitoba, miners may rent rooms in private houses at exorbitant rates, or live in a vast Y.M.C. A.-run dwelling machine, which has replaced the traditional

bunkhouse.

Neither the company nor the middle class technical statt who run the new towns have any interest in changing the system of employment for the lower-echelon workers. Social segregation and social repression of north migrant culture tend to reinforce the cycle of employment in the North and unemployment in the South. Prostitution and common law marriage with Indian girls were common in the early days of northern industrialization. ever, the rise of the middle-class technicians in the northern towns have run the out of town. So much whores social stigma is now attached to racial affairs and marriages that they have taken on certain of the aspects of prostitution, and rare-ly lead to viable family arrangements.

The North, and its conditions of work, shape the style of life in the sections of the cities of the South where the men spend their relaxation. These are the Skid Row areas, which have changed from the days when they were inhabited entirely by hobos and migrant workers without families. Their character still reflects this migrant element, and the forms of entertainment which go with migrant life. But the area is now also inhabited by small time criminals, prostitutes, "derelicts" living on pensions, drug pushers, gamblers, vagrants, people with non-standard forms of sexual expression, stigmatized as perverts - in other words, almost all those groups socially rejected and physically boxed-in by responsible citizens and the city fathers. Furthermore they are usually located near the slum areas where other stigmatized social and racial groups live.

social and racial groups live.

Migrant work patterns make normal family life difficult, so that the men are either unmarried, divorced or separated, Periods away from home lead to broken marriages, and trouble of any kind, over a wife, a child, debts, or the law reinforces the ethic of 'leave it all behind', and so a man hires on for a northern job to get out of the conditions in the South. Broken homes also lead to alcoholism, drug addiction, child neglect and assault.

Northern development is not the dream which was promised. Creative communities cannot grow as long as migrants and Indians are sucked through urban work pools - along with the other human factory rejects.





ED: We came from far, We must go far.
We come here alone.
We wish to leave together.
Speak to us of love.
Show us the way of marriage.

WU: Love is you;
He is within you,
as you are within Him.
To live is to love,
and to love is to live.
To live is to give,
and to give is to recieve.

Marriage is a school of love.

Do not limit this love to each other.

Love every man,
as if he is your brother or your lover.

Love every woman,
as if she is your sister of your beloved.

But remember: love each other first.

As above so below! Above...

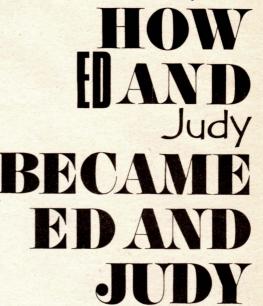
ED & JUDY: God.

WU: Below...

ED & JUDY: I.

WU: As above so below!

In the name of Love Hope and Charity I remind you of I who is the Truth, the Life, and the Way.



LOGOS MONTREAL





"How do you expect society to solve its problems, if you don't pay taxes?"

The greatest threat to civilization is neither Communism nor American Imperialiam, but rather the growing relience on authoritarian solutions to social and international problems. Instead of working with the NLF

cial and international problems. Instead of working with the NLF to build Vietnam, the U.S. chooses to devastate the countryside and "inadvertantly" maim and slaughter its inhabitants. Rather than recognize and work with the students of Italy, Czechoslovakia, America, and France, the governments "regretfully" call out the riot squads. And rather than acknowledge that "hippies" are individual human beings with a multiplicity of beliefs and values, rather than uphold the right of individuals to stomp out the kooks, the anarchists, the unwholesome dregs of society.

"You can do what you want, just don't expect anything from us."



AN ATTEMPT AT COMMUNICATION PLACE VILLE-MARIE JUNE 13

"What are you doing with your life?"

This may all seem very remote from you, but you are not an island. A society which cannot accept diversity is a threat to your own freedom. A society which suppresses sex and deifies violence can be expected to produce warped human beings. A society which abhors individuality will act to stifle all individuals. A civilization which eradicates its visionaries may be going blind.

"This is lots of fun for now, but what about later?"



"If you get a haircut and some clothes, I'll give you a job tomorrow."

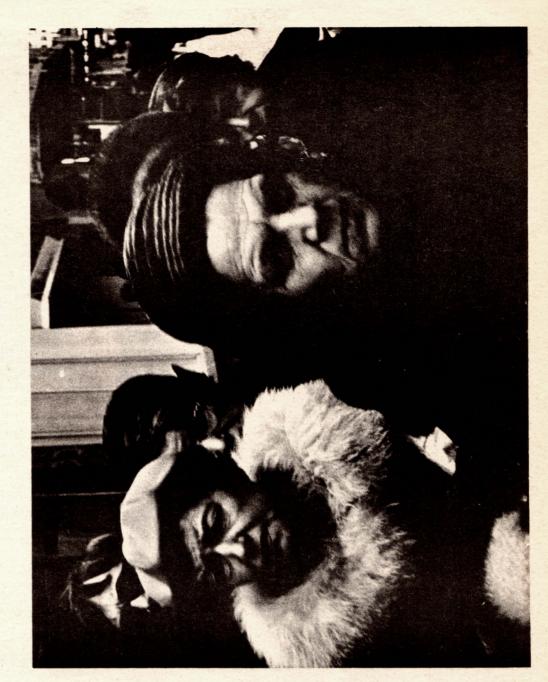
The mythological system of liberal democracy has made a fetish of "rugged individualism", but there is a significant gap between this particular myth and the realities of our society. We live in a mass society where devience from the norm is frowned upon and often banned.

"What would happen to society if we all dropped out and became hippies?"



"What's wrong with society, anyway?"





photographs by fletcher





Arcmtl scan 2015



STONES rexall drug store baddeck nova scotto



july14-15-16
THE KNACK
THE COLLECTOR
THE COLLECTOR

july 17 and 18
THE KILLERS
THE NAKED KISS
July 19 to july 25
THE NAKED KISS
July 19 to july 25
THE NAKED KISS
July 19 to july 25
THE SUFARD DAY'S NIGHT
July 19 to july 25
THE SUFERNATURAL AND FANPERNATURAL AND FANBLOGDDESS
July 10-12-13
BR. STRANGE LOVE
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT



